

In midst of dangers, fear, & death
Thy goodness I'll adore;
& praise thee for thy mercies ^{past}
And humbly hope for more

My life, if thou preserve my ^{life}
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

These verses ought to come
at the end of "Preservation
by land & sea" by H. H. H.

Page 10.

To an Infant

When born in tears we saw thee drowned
What thy attendant friends around
In smiles their joy confessed;
To live, that at thy parting hour
They may the flood of sorrow pour
And thou in smiles be dressed.

Ch 790 / 151. (1-3)

THE
SUNDAY MISCELLANY.

Julian Collection

X



(1.)

A
MISCELLANY
IN
PROSE AND VERSE,
FOR
Young Persons,
ON
A SUNDAY.



SOLD BY BACON NORWICH; AND BY MRS. NEWBERRY,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, LONDON.



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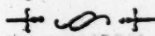
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MISCELLANIES, &c.

INDUSTRY.



BEHOLD, fond youth, that busy bee ;
How swift she flies from tree to tree,
Extracting flowery sweets ;
Thus cheerful all the day she'll roam,
At evening seek her much lov'd home,
To treasure all she meets.

Full well she knows that winter keen,
Must come to blast this painted scean,
With famine on his wing :
Her prudent labours find repose,
Nor winter's cold, nor want she knows,
Till time renews the spring.

While yonder drone in sunny haunts,
Who just supplies his present wants,
Nor heeds the passing hours ;
Soon bleak December's piercing air,
Shall mock his want of timely care,
And chill his vital powers.

Like the dull drone, shall he who throws
Away what Providence bestows,
Feel the cold hand of need ;
While they whose care is to encrease,
Find, like the Bee in winter, peace,
And every good succeed.

A MORNING IN SPRING.

LO! the bright, the rosy morning
Calls me forth to take the air ;
Cheerful spring, with smiles returning,
Ushers in the new-born year.

Nature now in all her beauty,
With her gently-moving tongue,
Prompts me to the pleasing duty,
Of a grateful morning song.

See the early blossoms springing,
See the jocund lambkins play ;
Hear the lark and linnet singing
Welcome to the new-born day.

Vernal music, softly sounding,
Echoes through the verdant grove ;

Nature

Nature now with life abounding,
Swells with harmony and love.

Now the kind refreshing showers,
Water all the plains around ;
Springing grass and painted flowers,
In the smiling meads abound.

Now their vernal dress assuming,
Leafy robes adorn the trees ;
Odours new the air perfuming,
Sweetly swell the gentle breeze.

Praise to Thee, thou GREAT CREATOR,
Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue :
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature ;
Join the universal song.

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the richest gifts bestow'd ;
Sound his praise through earth and heav'n,
Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.

Fawcett.

TO SPRING.

WELCOME, sweet season of delight !
What beauties charm the wond'ring sight,
In thy enchanting reign !
How fresh descends the morning dew,
While opening flow'rs of various hue,
Bedeck the sprightly plain !

The artless warblers of the grove,
Again unite in songs of love,
To bless thy kind return :
But first the lark, who soaring seems
To hail the glorious sun, whose beams
With fresh refulgence burn.

The mind with thoughts of good possest,
With innocence and virtue b'est,
Untaught in folly's ways ;
May taste those joys by nature giv'n,
May lift th' enraptur'd soul to heav'n,
And their GREAT AUTHOR praise.

Stern winter's gloomy season past,
We see fair spring advancing fast,
With summer in the rear :
Soon autumn's shades will interpose,
And a succeeding winter close,
The swift revolving year.

Of human life, an emblem true ;
The early morn of youth we view,
For spring's delightful face :
Meridian life's a summer's day,
With autumn fades ; its quick decay,
In winter's blast we trace.

Then let us prize each fleeting hour,
Improve the moments in our power,
Ere time shall cease to be :
Then shall our spirits, taking wing,
Be crown'd with an eternal spring,
From wintry storms set free.

Mrs. Bentley.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

FOUNTAIN of blessing ! ever bless'd,
Encircling all, of all possess'd :
By whom the whole creation's fed ;
Give me, each day, my daily bread.

To thee my very life I owe ;
From thee do all my comforts flow ;
And every blessing that I need,
Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.

Great things are not what I desire,
 Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire ;
 Content with little would I be ;
 That little, Lord, must come from thee.

While wicked men, with all their store,
 Are ever grasping after more ;
 With Agur's * wish content I'll live,
 Nor grudge them all the world can give.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through ;
 Thine eye commands with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known ;
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

* PROV. XXX, 8.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What long extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where e'er I rove, where e'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

P O W E R.

COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love ;
Where Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?

If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea ;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or

Or should I try to shun thy sight,
 Beneath the spreading veil of night;
 One glance of thine, one piercing ray
 Would kindle darkness into day.

Oh! may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where e'er I rove, where e'er I rest;
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there.

Watts.

ON HAPPINESS.

O H happiness! thou great and only end,
 To which our wishes and our labours tend;
 How art thou found, or in what distant land?
 Can riches buy thee, or can power command?
 No! happiness nought outward can bestow;
 But on ourselves depends our bliss or woe.
 The like events in life occur to all:
 The bad oft flourish while the virtuous fall.
 Yet vice is wretched e'en while it succeeds,
 And virtue still is happy tho' it bleeds.
 Approving conscience yields a secret joy,
 Which fortune cannot give, nor yet destroy.
 To act thy part aright to thee is given;
 Be this thy care, the rest belongs to heaven.

Armstrong.

ON

ON PROVIDENCE.

GOD works in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill;
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye feeble saints fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face,

His purposes are op'ning fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But wait to smell the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is *his own* interpreter,
And he shall make it plain.

IF THOU KNEWEST * WHO IT IS, &c.

AT Jacob's well a stranger sought,
His ardent thirst to clear;
Samaria's daughter little thought
The FONT of LIFE so near.

This had she known, her panting mind
For LIVING DRAUGHTS had sigh'd;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
These living draughts deny'd:

And Jacob's well (no glass so true)
Britannia's image shews;
Messiah travels Britain through,
But who the stranger knows?

Yet Britain must the stranger know,
Or soon her loss deplore;
Behold the living waters flow,
Come drink, and thirst no more.

PRESERVATION BY LAND AND SEA.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is thy defence:
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

* John iv. 10.

In

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyhrrene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave;
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will:
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

Addison,

A CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

I.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 Bridal of earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to night,
 For thou, alas! must die.

II.

Sweet rose, in air whose odours wave,
 And colour charms the eye,
 Thy root is ever in the grave,
 And thou, alas! must die.

III.

Sweet spring, of days and roses made,
 Whose charms for beauty vie,
 Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
 Thou too, alas! must die.

IV.

Be wise then, Christian, while you may,
 For swiftly time is flying:
 The thoughtless man who laughs to day,
 To morrow will be dying.

THE

THE FLOWERS.

The Heliotrope.

THROUGH all the changes of the day
I turn me to the sun;
In clear or cloudy skies I say
Alike—Thy will be done!

The Violet.

A lovely flower, in secret bower,
Invisible I dwell;
For blessing made, without parade,
Known only by my smell.

The Lily.

Emblem of Him, in whom no stain
The eye of Heaven could see,
In all their glory monarchs vain,
Are not array'd like me.

The Rose.

With ravish'd heart that crimson hall
Which in my bosom glows:
Think how the lily of the vale
Became like Sharon's rose.

The Primrose.

When time's dark winter shall be o'er,
His storms and tempests laid;

Like

Like me you'll rise, a fragrant flower,
But not like me, to fade.

The Garden.

The bower of innocence and bliss,
Sin caused to disappear :
Repent and walk in faith and love—
You'll find an Eden here.

THE FRIEND.

THE fastest Friend the world affords,
Is quickly from me gone ;
Faithless behold him turn his back,
And leave me all alone !

" My friend sincerely your's *till death*,"
The world no farther goes ;
Perhaps while *earth* to *earth* is laid,
A tear of pity flows.

Be thou, my *Saviour*, then my *friend*,
In thee my soul shall trust,
Who false wilt never prove in death,
Nor leave me in the dust.

Home while my other friends return,
All solemn, silent, sad,
With thee my flesh shall rest in hope,
And all my bones be glad.

THE LEAF.

We all do fade as a Leaf.

ISA. lxiv. 6.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound.

Sons of Adam, once in Eden
Blighted when like us he fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much, presuming
On your boasted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

Gripping misers nightly waking,
See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of your own making,
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth;
Lo! the fickle air that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to autumn place.

Venerable sires, grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
Think, amidst your falling glory,
Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning
"Heav'n and earth shall pass away."

On the Tree of Life Eternal,
Man, let all thy hope be staid,
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

WRITTEN AT AN INN.

FROM much loved Friends whene'er I part
A pensive sadness fills my heart;
Past scenes my fancy wanders o'er,
And sighs to think they are *no more*.

Along the road I musing go
O'er many a deep and miry slough;

The

The shrouded moon withdraws her light,
And leaves me to the gloomy night.

An inn receives me, where unknown,
I solitary sit me down ;
Many I hear, and some I see,
I nought to them, they nought to me.

Thus in these regions of the dead,
A pilgrim's wand'ring life I lead,
And still at every step declare
I've no abiding city here.

Far very far from home I dwell,
And therefore bid the world farewell ;
Finding of all the joys it gives,
A sad remembrance only lives.

Rough stumbling stones my steps o'erthrow,
And lay a wand'ring sinner low ;
Yet still my course to Heav'n I steer,
Tho' neither moon nor stars appear.

The world is like an Inn ; for there
Men call, and storm, and drink, and swear ;
While undisturb'd a christian waits,
And reads, and writes, and meditates.

Tho' in the dark oftimes I stray,
The Lord shall light me on my way,

And to the city of the sun
Conduct me when my journey's done.

There by these eyes shall he be seen,
Who sojourn'd for me in an inn.
On Sion's hill I those shall hail,
From whom I parted in the vale.

Why am I heavy then and sad,
When thoughts like these should make me glad?
Muse then no more on things below,
Arise, my soul, and let us go.

N O O N.

COME, let us go into the thick shade, for it is the
the noon of day, and the summer sun beats hot
upon our heads.

THE shade is pleasant and cool : the branches meet
above our heads, and shut out the sun, as with a green
curtain : the grass is soft to our feet, and a clear brook
washes the roots of the trees.

THE sloping bank is covered with flowers : let us lie
down upon it ; for all things are still, and we are quite
alone.

THE

THE cattle can lie down to sleep in the cool shade, but we can do what is better; we can raise our voices to Heaven; we can praise the great God who made us. He made the warm sun, and the cool shade; the trees that grow upwards, and the brooks that run murmuring along. All the things that we see are his work.

CAN we raise our voices up to the high Heaven? Can we make him hear who is above the stars? We need not raise our voices to the stars, for he heareth us when we only whisper; when we breath out words softly with a low voice. He that filleth the Heavens is here also.

MAY we that are so young, speak to him that always was? May we that can hardly speak plain, speak to God?

WE that are so young, are but lately made alive; therefore we should not forget his forming hand, who hath made us alive. We that cannot speak plain, should lisp out praises to him who teaches us how to speak, and hath opened our dumb lips.

WHEN we could not think of him, he thought of us; before we could ask him to bless us, he had already given us many blessings.

HE

HE fashioneth our tender limbs, and causeth them to grow; he maketh us strong, and tall, and nimble.

EVERY day we are more active than the former day, therefore every day we ought to praise him better than the former day.

THE buds spread into leaves, and the blossoms swell to fruit; but they know not how they grow, nor who caused them to spring up from the bosom of the earth.

ASK them if they will tell thee? bid them break forth into singing and fill the air with pleasant sounds.

THEY smell sweet; they look beautiful; but they are quite silent: no sound is in the still air; no murmur of voices amongst the green leaves.

THE plants and the trees are made to give fruit to man; but man is made to praise him who made him.

WE love to praise him, because he loveth to bless us; we thank him for life, because it is a pleasant thing to be alive.

WE love God, who hath created all beings; we love all beings, because they are the creatures of God.

WE cannot be good as God is good, to *all* persons *every where*: but we can rejoice that every where there is a God to do them good.

WE

WE will think of God when we play, and when we
work; when we walk out, and when we come in;
when we sleep, and when we wake: His praise shall
dwell continually upon our lips.

H Y M N.

God the Friend of the Poor.

I.

PRAISE to the sov'reign of the sky,
Who from his lofty throne
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls such souls his own.

II.

The haughty sinner he disdains,
Tho' gems his temples crown:
And from the seat of pomp and pride
His vengeance hurls him down.

III.

On his afflicted pious *Poor*,
He makes his face to shine;
He fills their cottages of clay,
With lustre all divine.

IV.

Among the meanest of thy flock,
There let my dwelling be,

Rather

Rather than under gilded roofs,
If absent, Lord, from thee.

V.

Poor and afflicted tho' we are,
In thy great name we trust ;
And bless the hand of sov'reign love,
Which lifts us from the dust.

H Y M N.

The God of Nature Worshipped.

I.

HAIL, King supreme ! all wise and good !
To thee our thoughts we raise,
While nature's beauties, wide display'd,
Inspire our souls with praise.

II.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Thy works engage our view ;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

III.

Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,
Which gilds the gloom of night !
And decks the rising face of morn,
With rays of cheering light.

IV.

The sunny hill, the dewy lawn,
 With thousand beauties shine ;
 The silent grove, and awful shade,
 Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

V.

From tree to tree a constant hymn,
 Employs the feather'd throng ;
 To thee their chearful notes they swell,
 And chaunt their grateful song.

VI.

Great nature's God, still may these scenes
 Our serious hours engage ;
 Still may our grateful hearts consult
 Thy works' instructive page.

 H Y M N.

God known by his Works.

I.

NATURE with all her pow'rs shall sing
 God the Creator and the King ;
 Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
 Deny the tribute of their praise.

Begin

II.

Begin to make his glories known,
 Ye angels, that surround his throne ;
 Exalt your strains, and spread the sound
 To the creation's utmost bound.

III.

All mortal things of meaner fame
 Exert your force, and own his name ;
 Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
 We sing his honours and our joys.

IV.

Yet, mighty God ! our feeble frame
 Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;
 The strongest notes that angels raise,
 Faint in the worship and the praise.

 H Y M N.

OF THANKFULNESS.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal worth,
 The gratitude declare,

Which

Which glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou can'st read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless step I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss,
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And, in a kind and faithful friend
Hath doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand gracious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And, after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;

For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

THE CALL TO CHURCH;

OR,

The Church Bells,

COME, come to me, the meek Redeemer cries ;
Come, come to Christ, the echoing bell replies :
Come, all ye weary, all ye heavy-prest ;
Your burdens bring, and I will give you rest ;
Awake my soul, leave thy soft bed and home ;
And answering say—I come, dear Lord, I come.

PRESENCE OF GOD.

BEGIN and end every day with God. In all companies, and in all places, remember the presence of God: walk continually as under the view of his all-seeing and observing eye: often considering that God is every where present, and then you will study to be every where holy.

THAT God is present in all places, that he sees every action, hears all discourses, and understands every thought,

thought, we are assured by himself in the holy scripture.

IF men would always actually consider, that God is the great *eye* of the world, always watching over our actions: and an ever open *ear*, to hear all our words: and an unwearied *arm*, to crush a sinner into ruin: it would be the readiest way in the world to make sin to cease from among the children of men, and for men to approach to the blessed estate of the Angels in heaven, who cannot sin, for they always walk in the presence of God, and behold his face.

LET every thing you see represent God to your mind, which will lead you to act always as in his presence.

IN the face of the sun you may see God's beauty: in the fire you may feel his heat warming: in the water his gentleness to refresh you: he it is that comforts you when you have taken cordials: it is the dew of heaven that makes your field give you bread.

Every Blessing is the Bounty of God.

GOD is ever with us. In our going out and coming in, he is with us to preserve us: in our recreations to restrain us: in our public actions to applaud

or

or reprove us, in our private to observe us: in our sleeps to watch us: in our watchings to refresh us: and if we walk with God in all his ways, as he walks with us in all ours, we shall find perpetual reasons to enable us to keep that rule of God: "Rejoice in the Lord always."

God is the Giver of all Things.

FROM him the fruits receive their blushing pride;
By him in all their various hues
The gaudy flow'rs are dy'd;
His bounty with the ev'ning's gentle dews,
And morning gales, the verdant fields renews.

H Y M N

For Boys and Girls to Sing.

HAST thou beheld the glorious sun,
Through all the skies his circuit run,
At rising morn, at closing day,
And when he beam'd his noon-tide ray?

Say, did'st thou e'er attentive view
The evening cloud or morning dew?

Or, after rain, the watery bow
Rise in the east, a beauteous show ?

When darkness had o'erspread the skies,
Hast thou e'er seen the moon arise,
And with a mild and placid light,
Shed lustre o'er the face of night ?

Hast thou e'er wander'd o'er the plain,
And view'd the field and waving grain,
The flow'ry mead, the leafy grove,
Where all is melody and love ?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore,
And heard the restless ocean roar,
When, rous'd by some tremendous storm,
The billows rose in dreadful form ?

Hast thou beheld the light'ning stream
Thro' night's dark gloom with sudden gleam
While bellowing thunder's awful sound,
Roll'd rattling thro' the heav'n's profound ?

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting gale,
The sleety shower, the biting hail ;
Beheld white snow o'erspread the plains,
The water bound in icy chains ?

Hast thou the various beings seen
That sport along the valley green,

That

That sweetly warble on the spray,
Or wanton in the sunny ray ?

That shoot along the briny deep,
Or under ground their dwellings keep,
That thro' the gloomy forest range,
Or frightful wilds and deserts strange ?

Hast thou the wond'rous scenes survey'd,
That all around thee are display'd,
And hast thou never rais'd thine eyes
To HIM who bade these scenes arise ?

'Twas GOD who form'd the concave sky,
And all the glorious orbs on high,
Who gave the various beings birth,
That people all the spacious earth.

'Tis HE that bids the tempest rise,
And rolls the thunder thro' the skies ;
His voice the elements obey ;
Thro' all the earth extends his sway.

His goodness all his creatures share,
But *Man* is his peculiar care ;
Then, while they all proclaim his praise,
LET MAN HIS VOICE THE LOUDEST RAISE.

FEAR

FEAR OF POVERTY.

DREAD'ST thou lest we should ever feel
 Want's chilling blasts and freezing pow'r?
 Say, can mankind their bosoms steel
 'Gainst those who shiv'ring stand,
 Beneath affliction's shower?

What tho' our pittance be but small,
 And helpless babes look up for bread,
 The PROVIDENCE that cares for all,
 A table for us still will spread.

Should we become Disease's prey,
 And in our veins fierce fever rage,
 On Sickness' pillow Hope will lay
 Some cordial drops that will those cruel ills assuage.

GOD's fear preserve, ye just and pure;
 And live from dread of want secure.
 The strengthful Lion's tawny brood
 With thirst and penury* of food
 Are stung; but who in God confide
 Shall find their ev'ry wish supply'd.

* Scarcity.

TRUST

TRUST IN GOD.

Being a Comment on Matt. vi. 25, &c.

TAKE no thought for your life, what ye shall eat,
 or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body,
 what ye shall put on: Is not the life more than meat,
 and the body than raiment?

THOUGHT here means over anxious thought and fear
 of want, as mistrusting Providence, and doubting the
 blessing of God upon our honest industry.

See Poor Man's Innocent Recreation, page 21.

When my breast labours with oppressive care,
 And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
 While all my warring passions are at strife,
 Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
 Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
 And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
 Think not, when all, your scanty stores afford,
 Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
 Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
 While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
 What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
 And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.
 Say, does not life it's nourishment exceed?
 And the fair body it's investing weed?

Nourishment

Nourishment means **your** food.
Investing weed means garments.

THE last two lines are to remind you that God who gives you the greatest blessing *Life*, will not fail to give you *food* and *cloathing* if you trust in him: he has promised his blessing to honest Industry; we should therefore go on chearfully in the path of duty, and depend upon his promise that we shall not want whatever is necessary to support that *Life* which he vouchsafes to continue to us.

WHY take ye thought (*over anxious thought*) for raiment? consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, &c. not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

THE servant of God may depend upon the blessing of Providence upon his honest endeavours.

God

God giveth to the beast his food: and to the young
ravens that cry.

Who provideth for the raven his food? when his
young ones cry unto God for lack of meat, they find it.

CONSIDER the ravens.

BEHOLD the fowls of the air; your heavenly Father
feedeth them: are ye not much better than they?

Behold, and look away your low despair;
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them, nor stores, nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland, and the pleasing song;
Yet, your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when spring renews the plain,
To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain: }
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day
is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not
much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

If,

Gon

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds
 If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads ;
 Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say ?
 Is he unwise ? or are ye less than they ?

THE STRAY SHEEP.

I have gone astray like a Sheep.

THINE eyes in me the sheep behold,
 Whose feet have wander'd from the fold ;
 That, guideless, helpless, strives in vain
 To find it's safe retreat again :
 Now listens if perchance it's ear
 The Shepherd's well-known voice may hear ;
 Now, as the tempests round it blow,
 In plaintive accents vents it's woe.
 Great Ruler of this earthly ball,
 Do thou my erring steps recall.

CHRIST is our Shepherd—We are his sheep.

WHEN we do amiss we stray from his fold. The devil is a wolf—ready to devour those who straggle from their leader—Christ : who is almighty to protect and defend all them who trust in him, and obey him.

VEGETABLES.

V E G E T A B L E S.

COME, let us walk abroad ; let us talk of the works
of God.

TAKE up a handful of the sand ; number the grains
of it ; tell them one by one into your lap.

TRY if you can count the blades of grass in the field,
or the leaves on the trees.

YOU cannot count them, they are innumerable ;
much more the things which God has made.

THE fir groweth on the high mountain, and the grey
willow bends above the stream.

THE thistle is armed with sharp prickles ; the mal-
low is soft and woolly.

THE hop layeth hold with her tendrils, and claspeth
the tall pole ; the oak hath firm root in the ground, and
resisteth the winter storm.

THE daisy enamelleth the meadows, and groweth be-
neath the foot of the passenger : the tulip asketh a rich
soil, and the careful hand of the gardener.

THE iris and the reed spring up in the marsh ; the
rich grass covereth the meadows ; and the purple
heath-flower enliveneth the waste ground.

THE water-lilies grow beneath the stream ; their broad leaves float on the surface of the water ; the wall-flower takes root in the hard stone, and spreads it's fragrance amongst broken ruins.

EVERY leaf is of a different form ; every plant hath a separate inhabitant.

LOOK at the thorns that are white with blossoms, and the flowers that cover the fields, and the plants that are trodden in the green path. The hand of *man* hath not planted them ; the sower hath not scattered the seeds from his hand, nor the gardener digged a place for them with his spade.

SOME grow on steep rocks, where no man can climb ; in shaking bogs, and deep forests, and desert islands : they spring up every where, and cover the bosom of the whole earth.

WHO causeth them to grow every where, and bloweth the seeds about in winds, and mixeth them with the mould, and watereth them with soft rains, and cherisheth them with dews ? Who fanneth them with the pure breath of Heaven ; and giveth them colours and smells, and spreadeth out their thin transparent leaves ?

How doth the rose draw it's crimson from the dark brown earth, or the lily it's shining white ? How can a small seed contain a plant ? How doth every plant know

know it's season to put forth ? They are marshalled in order ; each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank.

THE snow-drop and the primrose make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When the spring cometh, they say, here we are ! The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year ; and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months.

EVERY plant produceth it's like. An ear of corn will not grow from an acorn ; nor will a grape stone produce cherries ; but every one springeth from it's proper seed.

Who preserveth them alive through the cold of winter, when the snow is on the ground, and the sharp frost bites on the plain ? Who saveth a small seed, and a little warmth in the bosom of the earth, and causeth them to spring up afresh, and sap to rise through the hard fibres ?

THE trees are withered, naked, and bare ; they are like dry bones. Who breatheth on them with the breath of spring, and they are covered with verdure, and green leaves spout from the dead wood ?

Lo ! these are a part of his works, or a little portion of his wonders.

THERE is little need that I should tell you of God, for every thing speaks of him.

EVERY field is like an open book ; every painted flower hath a lesson written on it's leaves.

EVERY murmuring brook hath a tongue ; a voice is in every whispering wind.

THEY all speak of him who made them ; they all tell us, he is very good.

WE cannot see God, for he is invisible ; but we can see his works, and worship his footsteps in the green sod.

THEY that know the most, will praise God the best : but which of us can number half his works ?

B I R D S.

THE music of Birds was the first song of thanksgiving which was offered on earth, before man was formed. All their sounds are different, but all harmonious ; and all together compose a choir which we cannot imitate.

IF these little choristers of the air express their gratitude by chanting, in their way, the praises of their
Maker

Maker and Preserver; how ought Christians to blush,
if for so great blessings as they have received, they pay
not their tribute of thanksgiving !

NIGHTINGALE.

HE that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps
securely, should hear, as I have often done, the
clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural risings and
fallings, the doubling and redoubling of the Nightin-
gale's voice, might well be lifted above earth; and say,
Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in
heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon
earth !

See Poor Man's Innocent Recreation, page 17. Price 2d.

A RURAL MEDITATION.

SEE in the tuneful groves and flow'ry field,
Nature a thousand various beauties yield !
The daisy and tall cowslip we behold,
Array'd in snowy white, or freckled gold.
The verdant prospect cherishes our sight,
Affording joy unmix'd, and calm delight;
The forest walks and venerable shades,
Wide-spreading lawns, bright rills, and silent glades.

With a religious awe our souls inspire,
And to the heav'ns our raptur'd thoughts aspire ;
To him who sits in Majesty on high,
Who turn'd the starry arches of the sky,
Whose word ordain'd the silver Thames to flow,,
Rais'd all the hills, and laid the vallies low ;
Who taught the nightingale in shades to sing,
And bade the sky-lark warble on the wing ;
Makes the young steer obedient till the land,
And lowing heifers own the milker's hand ;
Calms the rough sea, and stills the raging wind,
And rules the passions of the human mind.

CATTLE.

EXCELLENT are thy ways, O God ; and wonderful are the effects of thy Providence !

Oh ! teach us in all things to consider thee ; that we pass not by unnoticed thy bounteous gifts.

THE strong ox is given unto man to prepare his food, and assist him in his labours.

HE patiently endureth the yoke, and obeyeth the voice of his driver ; he laboureth with incessant pains, and meekly receiveth his reward, the portion allotted him for his support.

THE

THE cow fleeth not from the abode of man, but plentifully supplieth him with food, and returneth with her burthen at the appointed hour.

WHY seek they not the woods, and to range at large with the beasts of the forest ?

WHY do they not forsake man, and leave his habitation desolate ?

Lo ! the swift horse, also, is obedient, and unmindful of his power and might.

THE fearful sheep hearken to the voice of their shepherd, and follow him who leadeth them forth to pasture.

THEY yield their wool to the shearer, and their lives for the service of man ; and fulfil the ends that God hath appointed for them.

FAITHFUL is the shepherd's guard ; a pattern of fidelity to man.

HE preferreth his duty to life itself, and suffereth not the approach of the thief and robber.

WATCHFUL and sincere, sportful and affectionate, cheering the heart of his master.

FROM his hand he receiveth, with eager joy, the bounty destined for his support.

THE

THE food of man is not withheld from him ; he is an emblem of the wide extent of mercy ; while sinners are healed and live by the word of God ; and dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their master's table.*

Who commands all these to obey man, and to submit themselves to do his pleasure ?

THE lion and the tiger refuse to be tamed ; the ox and the dog want not strength or power to resist man's will.

BUT God hath created these for man, and hath made them subservient unto him.

O let the servants of God be thankful ; let them adore his name.

LET them give Praise, and Glory, and Honour, to the Lord Almighty, who liveth for ever.

Music and Conversation are two things by which the mind of man receiveth much good, or a great deal of harm. They who make God and his wonderful works the subject of both, enjoy a heaven upon earth. And they, who do in reality love their Saviour, will always find themselves inclined to sing to him, and to talk of him.

* Matt. iv. 4, and xv. 26.

H Y M N.

BEAUTY SHORT-LIVED.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold;

As careless of the noon-tide heats,
And fearless of the ev'ning cold.

Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch't by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth it's pride of beauty shews :
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

Yet these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains;
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

H Y M N.

THEE, when morning greets the skies
 With rosy cheeks and humid eyes,
 Thee, when sweet declining day
 Sinks in purple waves away,
 Thee will I sing, O God above,
 And teach the world to praise and love.

MEDITATION

Taken from the Family Magazine.

WHAT a cloud of gnats is here! Mark their motions! They do nothing but play up and down, and sting the first hand or face they seize upon.

SEE here a perfect emblem, of *Idleness* and *Detraction*; how many do thus miserably spend their good hours, who after they have wasted succeeding days in vain and unprofitable pastime, sit down and backbite their neighbours.

THE

THE bee *sings* too sometimes, but she *works* also :
and her work is not more admirable than useful : but
these foolish gnats do nothing but play and sing to no
purpose. Even the busiest and most active spirits re-
quire some recreation ; but to make a trade of sport is
lazy wantonness.

H Y M N

To the First Almighty Cause.

THE active lights that shine above
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.

The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art far more fair ;
When in the east it's beams revive
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreshing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers, owns, from thee
Their pleasing odours come.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And water's murm'ring fall,

To

To praise the First Almighty Cause
With diff'rent voices call.

In vain the dusky night retires,
And sullen shadows fly :
In vain the morn with purple light
Adorns the western sky.

In vain the gaudy rising sun
The wide horizon gilds,
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver streams,
And cheers the dewy fields.

In vain ! unless my Saviour's face
These gloomy clouds control ;
And dissipate the sullen shades
That press my drooping soul.

H Y M N.

The Call of Gratitude.

HOW cheerful along the gay mead,
The daisy and cowslip appear,
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,

Trees,

Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove ?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
Forbid it devotion and love.

The Lord who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise ;
My soul shall be given to God.

THE WORKS OF NATURE.

ALL the works of nature are capable of giving us
both instruction and delight.

No book is so learned and compleat as that of nature,
and our Saviour himself has instructed us in the use of
it.

Our Lord's allusions to the *Birds of the Air*, and
lilies of the field, are very beautiful, and teach us to de-
rive instruction from the objects that surround us.
When, therefore, we behold the feathered race flying
with constant gaiety from place to place; and hear them
chant forth their melodious songs from tree to tree;

Trees,

F

let

let us remember to place our confidence in the same beneficent being, who provides for their necessities; and imitate, as far as is consistent with our condition, their cheerfulness.

WHEN we admire the beauty of the flowers, which no human art can equal, let us remember, that they are thus adorned by *our* Creator; who knoweth that, from the constitution of our bodies, we have need of clothing, and will certainly furnish us with the means of procuring it. We should therefore lay aside *anxious cares* for future provision, and resolve to discharge every religious and moral duty, which is pleasing in the sight of God; not doubting, but that, if it is our lot to *toil* and *spin*, he will bless our industry; or whether to *sow* or *reap*, he will give an increase. Let us, therefore, take a moderate care of what God bestows from day to day; and be liberal to our fellow creatures according to our circumstances: then we may depend on the promises of God declared by his *beloved* Son, that he will bestow on us all things needful in this present world, and inestimable treasures in the world to come.

Mrs. Trimmer's Sacred History.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG WOMEN

In a Flower Garden.

SEE the charms of your person eclipsed by the lustre
of these little flowers; and the frailty of your state
represented by their transient glories.

When snows descend, and robe the fields
In *winter's* bright array;
Touch'd by the sun, the lustre fades,
And weeps itself away.

When *spring* appears, when violets blow,
And shed a rich perfume;
How soon the fragrance breathes it's last,
How short-liv'd is the bloom!

Fresh in the morn, the *summer rose*
Hangs with'ring ere 'tis noon;
We scarce enjoy the balmy gift,
But mourn the pleasure gone.

With gliding fire, an evening star
Streaks the *autumnal* skies;
Shook from the sphere, it darts away;
And in an instant dies.

Such are the charms *that flush the cheek*
And sparkle in the eye:

So from the lovely finish'd form
The transient graces fly.

To this the *seasons*, as they roll,
Their attestation bring :
They warn the fair; their ev'ry round
Confirms the truth I sing.

Apply your thoughts to Religion,
Attend to the *one thing needful* ;
Believe in, and imitate the Blessed Jesus.

PASSAGE IN PROVERBS.

THY mother honour—for her arms
Secur'd thee from a thousand harms;
When helpless hanging on her breast,
She sooth'd thy infant heart to rest;
For thee, her peace, her health destroy'd;
For thee, her ev'ry pow'r employ'd :
Thoughtful of thee, before the day
Shot thro' the dark it's rising ray ;
Thoughtful of thee, when sable night
Again had quench'd the beams of light:
To Heaven, in ceaseless pray'r for thee,
She rais'd her hand and bent her knee.
Despise her not, now feeble grown,
O make her wants and woes thy own :

Let

Let not thy lips rebel; nor eyes,
 Her weakness, frailty, years despise.
 From youthful insolence defend:
 Be patron, husband, guardian, friend.
 Thus shalt thou sooth in life's decline,
 The mis'ries that may once be thine.

Family Magazine.

THIS Mrs. Lovechild took from the Family Magazine—a publication well calculated to answer it's intention of *counteracting the pernicious tendency of immoral books*, of which her sentiments are displayed in the following extract of a letter written to a young friend who was just married.

“I am very happy to find that you are determined neither to pay nor receive visits on a Sunday, but to devote that day to it's true purpose; in instructing your servants and poor neighbours.

“You desire to have my list of books which I would recommend—you certainly shall; but I send you a publication which is a Library in itself; being truly (as it's title sets forth) *a Repository of Religious Instructions, and Rational Amusement*. It is the Family Magazine. It was published in Numbers monthly, at the moderate price of six-pence each—and when you

read it you will be amazed that it should meet with so little encouragement, as to be dropped in the middle of the second year. I have recommended it to many of my friends; I hope you will do all you can to make it generally known: I am of a sanguine disposition, and still flatter myself that the author might be induced to resume so pleasing and useful a work: for novelty has irresistible charms, and reading is now become so general, that a constant supply of something *new* of such a kind, can alone save our households from contaminating their minds with novels, songs, and plays.

“Reading is a dangerous talent, unless the common people are directed in their choice of books; were they confined to the perusal of Mrs. Trimmer’s publications for their use, I should rejoice to see our domestics with a book in their hands, &c.”

GOD'S FAMILY.

SEE where stands the cottage of the labourer, covered with warm thatch; the mother is spinning at the door; the young children sport before her on the grass; the elder ones learn to labour, and are obedient. The father worketh to provide them food: either he tilleth the ground, he gathereth in the corn, or shaketh his

his ripe apples from the tree; his children run to meet him when he cometh home, and his wife prepareth the wholesome meal.

THE father, the mother, and the children, make a family; the father is the master thereof. If the family is numerous, and the grounds are large, there are servants to help to do the work: all these dwell in one house; they sleep beneath one roof; they eat the same bread; they kneel down together and praise God every night and morning with one voice; they are very closely united, and are dearer to each other than any strangers. If one is sick, they mourn together; and if one is happy, they rejoice together.

MANY houses are built together; many families live near one another; they meet together on the green, and in pleasant walks, and to buy and sell, and in the house of justice; and the sound of the bell calleth them to the house of God in company. If one is poor, his neighbour helpeth him; if he is sad, he comforteth him. This is a village; see where it stands enclosed in a green shade, and the tall spire peeps above the trees. If there be very many houses, it is a town—it is governed by a magistrate.

MANY towns, and a large extent of country, make a kingdom: it is enclosed by mountains; it is divided by rivers; it is washed by seas; the inhabitants thereof are

are countrymen; they speak the same language; they make war and peace together—a king is the ruler thereof.

MANY kingdoms and countries full of people, and islands, and large continents, and different climates, make up this whole world—God governeth it. The people swarm upon the face of it like ants upon a hill: some are black with the hot sun, some cover themselves with furs against the cold, some drink of the fruit of the vine, some the pleasant milk of the cocoa-nut, and others quench their thirst with the running stream.

ALL are God's family; he knoweth every one of them, as a shepherd knoweth his flock: they pray to him in different languages, but he understandeth them all; he heareth them all; he taketh care of all; none are so great, that he cannot punish them; none are, so mean, that he will not protect them.

NEGRO woman, who sittest pining in captivity, and weepest over thy sick child, though no one seeth thee, God seeth thee; though no one pitieth thee; God pitieth thee: raise thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one; call upon him from amidst thy bonds, for assuredly he will hear thee.

MONARCH,

MONARCH, that rulest over an hundred states, whose frown is terrible as death, and whose armies cover the land, boast not thyself as though there were none above thee :—God is above thee : his powerful arm is always over thee; and if thou doest ill, assuredly he will punish thee.

NATIONS of the earth fear the Lord; families of men call upon the name of your God.

Is there any one whom God hath not made? Let him not worship him, is there any one whom he hath not blessed? Let him not praise him.

H Y M N.

THEE will I thank, and day by day
Form to thy praise the joyful lay;
From morn to eve the song extend,
Thee boast my Father; thee my Friend;
While pleas'd each heart of humble frame
Shall wake, great God, to hear thy fame.

O come, your voice triumphant raise,
And sing with *me* your Maker's praise.
O taste with *me*, O taste and prove
The blessings of his boundless Love.

Hail,

Hail, Saviour of the human race !
Hail ! Fountain of exhaustless grace !
Thrice happy, who on thee recline,
Nor own nor ask a help but thine.

THE COUNTRY MAID.

WHAT happiness the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day she spends !
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent ;
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content :
Her homespun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs ;
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign
An equal passion warms her happy swain ;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace.
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool.
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

PSALM cxxxiii.

SWEET is the love that mutual glows
Within each brother's breast ;
And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
All blessing and all blest.
Sweet as the odorous balsam pour'd
On Aaron's sacred head,
Which o'er his beard, and down his vest,
A breathing fragrance shed.
Like morning dews on Sion's mount
That spread their silver rays,
And deck with gems the verdant pomp,
Which Hermon's top displays.
To such the Lord of life and love
His blessing shall extend :
On earth a life of joy and peace,
And life that ne'er shall end.

WORLDLY ANXIETY REPROVED.

WHY do I thus perplex
My life a breath of air,
With fears of distant ills, and vex
My heart with fruitless care ?

Can

Can thought and toil increase
My day's appointed sum?
Why waste I then my time, my peace,
To hoard for years to come?

These covetous desires,
These restless cares I leave
To them whose hope at death expires,
And who in chance believe.

Will he whose bounty gave
My life, it's food deny?
Who form'd my nature apt to crave,
It's cravings not supply?

Behold the flowers that grow,
That for the furnace stand,
With what rich dyes their garments glow
Without the lab'ring hand.

The tribes that wing the sky,
That neither sow nor reap,
Send up to God their daily cry,
Who gives them food and sleep.

Then let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow stay:
The trouble which to-day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.

To nobler work apply'd
 My soul shall upwards climb;
 And trust my Father to provide
 The needful things of time.

PSALM-SINGING.

THE Church *Triumphant and the Church below,
 In songs of praise their present union show;
 Their joys are full; our expectation long;
 In life we differ; but we join in song:
 Angels, and we, assisted by this art,
 May sing together, though we dwell apart.

N I G H T.

THE glorious sun is set in the west; the night-dews
 fall; and the air, which was sultry, become
 cool.

THE flowers fold up their coloured leaves; they fold
 themselves up, and hang their heads on the slender
 stalk.

THE chickens are gathered together under the wing
 of the hen, and are at rest; the hen herself is at rest
 also.

* Church Triumphant, Saints and Angels in Heaven.

THE little birds have ceased their warbling; they are asleep on the boughs, each one with his head behind his wing.

THERE is no murmur of bees around the hive, or amongst the honied woodbines; they have done their work, and lie close in their waxen cells.

THE sheep rest upon their soft fleeces, and their loud bleating is no more heard amongst the hills.

THERE is no sound of a number of voices, or of children at play, or the trampling of busy feet, and of people hurrying to and fro.

THE smith's hammer is not heard upon the anvil; nor the harsh saw of the carpenter.

ALL men are stretched on their quiet beds; and the child sleeps upon the breast of it's mother.

DARKNESS is spread over the skies, and darkness is upon the ground; every eye is shut, and every hand is still.

WHO taketh care of all people when they are sunk in sleep; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approacheth?

THERE is an eye that never sleepeth; there is an eye that seeth in dark night, as well as in the bright sunshine.

WHEN

WHEN there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon ; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any little star twinkling through the thick clouds, that eye seeth every where, in all places, and watcheth continually over all the families of the earth.

THE eye that sleepeth not is God's ; his hand is always stretched out over us.

HE made sleep to refresh us when we are weary ; he made night, that we might sleep in quiet.

As the mother moveth about the house with her finger on her lips, and stilleth every little noise, that her infant be not disturbed ; as she draweth the curtains around it's bed, and shutteth out the light from it's tender eyes, so God draweth the curtains of darkness around us ; so he maketh all things to be hushed and still, that his large family may sleep in peace.

LABOURERS spent with toil, and young children, and every little humming insect, sleep quietly, for God watcheth over you.

You may sleep, for he never sleeps ; you may close your eyes in safety, for his eye is always open to protect you.

WHEN the darkness is passed away, and the beams of the morning-sun strike through your eye-lids, begin

the day with praising God, who hath taken care of you through the night.

FLOWERS, when you open again, spread your leaves, and smell sweet to his praise.

BIRDS, when you awake, warble your thanks amongst the green boughs; sing to him before you sing to your mates.

LET his praise be in our hearts, when we lie down; let his praise be on our lips when we awake.

THE WISE SHEPHERD.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain
 Unvex'd with all the cares of gain:
 His head was silver'd o'er with age,
 And long experience made him sage;
 In summer's heat and winter's cold
 He fed his flock and pen'd his fold;
 His hours in chearful labour flew,
 Nor envy nor ambition knew.
 A deep Philosopher (whose rules
 Of moral life were drawn from schools)
 The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
 And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
 Whence is thy learning?

. The

The shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes;
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the Bee
Awake my soul to industry
Who can observe the careful Ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way;
And in my service copy *Tray*.

In constancy, and mutual love
I learn my duty from the Dove.
The Hen, who from the chilly air
With pious wing protects her care,
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large
Instructs me in a Parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air
In conversation overbear ;
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn Owl despise ?

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain ;
We from the wordy torrent fly ;
Who listens to the chatt'ring Pye ?

Nor would I with felonious slight
By stealth invade my neighbour's right ;
Rapacious animals we hate
Kites, Hawks, and Wolves deserve their fate.

Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the Toad* and Serpent kind ?
But envy, calumny, and spite
Bear stronger venom in their bite.

Thus ev'ry object of Creation
Can furnish hints for contemplation ;
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies,
Thy Virtue proves thee truly Wise ;

* Toads are really harmless.

Pride often guides the Author's pen,
Books as affected are as men ;
But he who studies nature's laws
From certain Truth his maxims draws :
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men Moral, Good, and Wise.

Observe the ant, for she instructs the man,
And preaches labour, gath'ring all she can;
Then brings it to encrease her heap at home,
Against the winter which she knows will come ;'
And when that comes she creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home and feasts upon her store.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.

In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
And leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

He

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death
From fear and danger free ;
For why ? his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

In presence of my spiteful foes
He does my table spread,
He crowns my cup with chearful wine,
With oil anoints my head.

Since God does thus his wond'rous love
Through all my life extend ;
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

B I R D S.

WAKE, all ye mounting tribes, and sing
Ye plummy warbles of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shap'd your finer mold,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Ye

Ye Birds, exalt your Maker's name,
 Begin, and with th' important theme
 Your artless lays improve :
 Wake with your songs the rising day,
 Let music sound from ev'ry spray,
 And fill the vocal grove.

S O N N E T.

HOW sweet thy dwellings, Lord, how fair !
 What peace, what bliss, inhabit there !
 Eternal King, within thy dome
 The sparrow finds her peaceful home ;
 With her the dove, a licens'd guest,
 Assiduous tends her infant nest.
 And to thy altar's sure defence
 Commits th' unfeather'd innocence.
 Blest, who, like these, from day to day
 Within thy house permitted stay ;
 Whose joyous tongue thy mercies raise
 To hymns of gratitude and praise.
 Blest, who in confidence of pray'r
 To thee, Great God, resign their care.

HYMN

H Y M N

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

HOW admirable are the Works of God! How excellent the operations of his hands.

I considered plants, and animals; four-footed beasts, and creeping things.

IN all was manifested infinite wisdom, and an excellent workmanship, that I could not comprehend.

YET so much was made known unto me, as declared the power and goodness of God; and the continued agency of the Great Creator, and Lord of all things.

I beheld the Caterpillar issuing from it's egg, on the very plant needful for it's support,

For there the parent fly had placed it, that it might have whereon to feed.

It enjoys the repast, it weaveth it's web, and, preparing for it's end, buildeth itself a rich tomb.

It resteth from it's labours; and sleepeth the sleep of death.

At the appointed time it is raised again, and the Great Creator of all things giveth it a new life.

It

It leaveth it's ashes in the tomb, and ascends, with a more beauteous form, into the regions of the air.

How glorious are it's wings ! and it's limbs how delicate !

It is covered with rich plumage ; and furnished with myriads of eyes, to behold all around.

With it's trunk* it surpasseth the art of the Chemist ; and extracteth from flowers the most delicious sweets.

It forsakes the leaf where it was first nourished, rejoicing in the bounty of it's Maker.

BUT, at his command, it is mindful of it's offspring, and provides for the safety and sustenance thereof.

With anxious care it seeketh out the plant, which God hath given for it's infant worms.

THOUGH itself feedeth not thereon, neither careth for the verdant leaves, yet is it led with unerring search, and never faileth in it's choice.

It curiously spreadeth forth it's eggs ; and, without thought, fulfilleth it's appointed task.

* All Flies, as well as the Bee, are furnished with a trunk, or sucker, with which those who feed on flowers, extract their rich juice for sustenance, though they do not lay up honey.

THE Lord, who withheld *reason* from these, hath given them *instinct*, a surer guide.

WHAT spirit ruleth in them, O Lord, thou only knowest; let us behold their operations, and humbly adore.

The Bee

THE Bee just raised to life, without a teacher, skillfully forms her cell.

THE Sage's art is known to her: she has discovered the most capacious form, and the best division of space.

WITHOUT scale or compass, she nicely measureth her work, and with great care strengtheneth it's foundations.

SHE layeth her foundations in the upper part; she buildeth downwards, even unto the ground; and exquisitely finisheth her work; surpassing the art of man.

The Bird

THE Bird, fluttering from it's parent nest needs no instruction to fulfil her task.

WHO taught her to rear an habitation for her young? To build with unerring skill; and exactly to form the structure peculiar to her kind?

WHO informed her that she should lay her eggs; and that she should want a nest to preserve them from destruction?

WHO

Who told her it's proportion and extent? and the number of her young that should have life?

Who enabled her to know times and seasons? and to provide that her work might be finished ere she should bring forth?

Who counselled her to forbear her wonted flights; and patiently to sit brooding on her young?

O, that I had understanding to know the ways of God; that I might learn to praise my Maker; and become wise by the instruction around me!

WILT not thou, O Lord! who raiseth the Caterpillar from it's tomb, raise Man also from the dust of death?*

WILT not thou, who teachest the fowls of the air to fulfil their appointed task, guide the sons of men by thy Spirit, to do thy will?

WILT not thou, who so plentifully pourest forth Blessings upon all thy creatures, appoint good things for those that fear thy name?

* From this verse to the end there is a reference to the New Testament. See Luke xi. 13. Matt. vi. 46, and vii. 11. Psalm ci. 6. 1. Pet. ii. 5. and 9. Rev. i. 6. Ephes. ii. 18, and iii. 12. Acts viii. 1, and 12.

I know, O Lord, that thou art good; and therefore doth my heart give thanks unto thee.

O praise the God of Heaven, whose mercy is extended over all.

LET every thing that hath breath praise him; and let Man, the Priest of the Creation, offer up a sacrifice of Thanksgiving unto the Most Highest. Even a sacrifice accepted through the Mediation of the Redeemer; by whom, though we be encompassed with infirmities, we have access unto the Living God.

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Hy mn.

To Thee, great God, my praises raise.
O teach my infant tongue. Thy praise
Let my first thoughts of Thee partake
When at the morning dawn I wake.

Be; Thou, my guide through all the day
And teach me from each evil way.
Inspire my mind with heavenly fear,
And make me Thy great name revere.

And when night's curtain, veils the day
Let Thy bright presence light up
Th' unguarded hours of darkness keep
And watch my pillow whilst I sleep.



From life's bright morn, till death's
Thus let me keep my God in sight;
Till life in death shall melt away,
And death give life to endless day.

(2)

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